

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

OLIVER JOHNSON, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, PUBLISHING AGENT

VOL. 4.--NO. 52.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 208.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., O. TERMS.

\$1.00 per annum, if paid within the first six months of the subscriber's year.

If paid before three months of the year has expired, a deduction of twenty-five cents will be made, reducing the price to \$1.25.

If payment be made in advance, or on the receipt of the first number, fifty cents will be deducted, making the subscription but \$1.

To any person wishing to examine the character of the paper, it will be furnished six months, for fifty cents in advance; to all others, seventy-five cents will be charged.

No deviation from these terms.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor. All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

BUNCHMAN & KEEN, PRINTERS.

THE BUGLE.

Pulpit Arrangement.

RANDOLPH, July 25, 1849.

MR. EDITOR: There are a class of men among us who appear to consider themselves, *ex officio*, exempt from all criticism. These are the priests and clergy of the different religious sects. The politician, the Anti-Slavery or Temperance advocate, the lecturer on any branch of moral or social reform, or any of the sciences, may be catechised as to the truth of his positions; but to question a priest in the pulpit, whose mission is to "save souls," is considered the climax of impiety. Enclosed in his sacerdotal robes, under the pretended sanctity of his calling, he may insult or bore the community on any subject, and the pulpit is his shield from all criticism. Entrenched in this ecclesiastical fort, and strongly barricaded by the present customs of society, he may thunder forth his anathemas and discharge his guns without ever expecting to receive in return a "single shot." Brave and chivalrous men! thus to make war upon those to whom he denies even the privilege of self-defence. From the necessity of the case, therefore, it seems to me that the Abolitionist must come in direct contact with the clergy and their monstrous assumptions. How can freedom be obtained for the slave when *free speech* is cloven down by a class who monopolize one-seventh part of the time to the exclusion of all others; who tyrannize over the conscience and "accuse men into the 'church militant' on pain of eternal torments? Indeed that "old serpent the Devil" seems to occupy a more conspicuous place in "the Gospel according to the clergy," than any other personage. He seems, at least, to be the "connecting link" in the chain of modern conversion. If one has the presumption to differ from the clergy, all they have to do is to ascend the "sacred desk," look solemn, take a text and preach him post haste to perdition.

Never have I witnessed a rarer exhibition of pulpit arrogance and imbecility than was displayed by a Disciple preacher named Leicester during a protracted meeting held in this vicinity some time since. As I had not for some time enjoyed the luxury of a sermon, not being a regular attendant on "eternal preaching," I was led by a laudable curiosity to attend one evening and quietly listen to what was said. The manner and articulation of the occupant of the pulpit might be justly said to beggar all description. Though he was by no means a giant in intellect, yet in arrogance, verbosity and windy declamation, he might be justly considered a Hercules. With a voice alternately resembling the tones of the Egyptian crocodile and American screech-owl, with distorted visage and momentarily sawing the air with his arms, it was very evident that what he lacked in sense he was determined to make up in sound.

The sound of old Niagara Falls, which all conception shocks, and carpenter's with sledge and mallet, and miners blowing rocks.

Silence! ye sands, upon the spot! nor vainly play the dunes.

This swagging preacher, when he was hot, would drown you all at once.

He divided the Bible into seven parts, viz: the Law, the Psalms, the Prophets, the four Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles and Revelations; and affirmed that the Golden candlestick (which had seven prongs) was typical of these seven divisions of the Bible. That one prong was a type of the Law, another of the Psalms, and so on. He declared that these seven divisions of the Bible were the only lights of the World and the Church, thereby excluding Solomon's Songs and other portions of sacred writ as containing no light.

But the gist of his discourse was directed against some Anti-Slavery ladies, who, on a previous evening, had taken their knitting-work to meeting and knit while he was frothing in the pulpit. His usual method of set-

ting a point was by quoting a text and giving a "thus saith the Lord." But, now, unfortunately, he had no text to quote—no "thus saith the Lord" to apply, and he was, under the necessity of manufacturing one to suit the occasion. He accordingly announced with great solemnity that to knit in a "religious meeting" was a sin to be punished with eternal damnation.

The preacher wound up his evening performance by exhorting the unconverted part of the audience, in a most pathetic, lugubrious and sing-song tone, to come forward and be baptised in water in order to "get shot" of their sins, as they might not live till morning; and then closed by telling them that if any would come forward he would wait upon them in the morning!

If such preaching only is to reform "the world," I think the poor world is to be pitted. Under its influence the keenest intellect will rust or spread itself in mere theological brawls and rencontres. J. F. S.

Selections.

From the Liberator.

Interview with Father Mathew.

On Friday morning, July 27th, Dr. H. I. Bowditch and myself went to the Adams House, in order to obtain an introduction to Father Mathew, and to be sure that the letter of the Committee, inviting him to participate in the celebration of that great and glorious event, the entire abolition of British West India slavery, failed not to be put into his hands. Fortunately, we found him disengaged, and were introduced to each other by our esteemed friend, WM. A. WHITE, of Watertown. What transpired during the interview, (which was a very brief one, as we felt unwilling to trespass upon his time, and as we perceived that the object of our visit was not particularly agreeable to him,) was substantially as follows:

Turning to me, Father Mathew said—"Mr. Garrison, your name is very familiar to me." "Yes," I said, smiling, "I am somewhat notorious, though not as yet very popular." He then added—"You have some very warm friends in Cork." I told him I was aware of the fact, and also that in Dublin and many other parts of Ireland, there were many who deeply sympathized with the anti-slavery movement in this country. After expressing the strong desire I had felt to see him during my last visit to Ireland, and my great disappointment in not being able to visit Cork, I said—"In addition to the pleasure of taking you by the hand, and welcoming you to America, we have come to extend to you, in behalf of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, an invitation to be present at the celebration of the anniversary of British West India Emancipation at Worcester, on Friday next. Here is a letter, containing an invitation in an official shape, which you are requested to read at your leisure, and answer as you may think duty requires." Taking the letter, with some agitation and embarrassment of manner he said, gesticulating in a somewhat deprecative manner, as though an indecent or unworthy proposition had been made to him, "I have as much as I can do to save men from the slavery of intemperance, without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of slavery! Besides, it would not be proper for me to commit myself on a question like this, under present circumstances. I am a Catholic priest; but, being here to promote the cause of temperance, I should not be justified in turning aside from my mission, for the purpose of subserving the cause of Catholicism." "True, you would not," I replied—"for, in that capacity, you would occupy very narrow ground, and be acting for a sectarian object. But I do not perceive any analogy in the case, supposed, to the one presented to you. The cause of liberty and emancipation, like that of temperance, covers the whole ground of humanity, and is as broad as the whole earth. And, therefore, you may as freely advocate the one as the other." "O," said he, "I am not in favor of slavery—I should never think of advocating it—though I do not know as we can say that there is any specific injunction against it in the Scriptures." "O," said I, interrupting him, and placing my hand on my heart, "the injunction is here—inside of every human being." "Catholic priests are not in favor of slavery," he replied. "Do you intend visiting the Slave States?" I inquired, and on receiving an affirmative answer, I said—"Well, I am confident you will find at the South, Catholic priests and Catholic laymen who are slaveholders and slave-buyers." In order that there should be no room for misconception, I distinctly said to him, "The abolitionists have no wish or design to divert you from the great mission which you have come to America to prosecute; on the contrary, they feel a deep and lively interest in that mission, and desire that your efforts may be crowned with abundant success. But they trust that, while you are in the country, you will occasionally find an opportunity, both in public and in private, to admonish your countrymen to be true to liberty, and to give no countenance to slavery or its abettors; as there is great need of such counsel, as they are giving the weight of their religious and political influence to the side of the Slave Power. They hold the key of the slave's dungeon, as the balance of political power is in their hands. Moreover, the anniversary of British West India Emancipation was deemed by us an event in which you would feel special interest, and might participate with great propriety. We have not forgotten," I continued, "that, seven years ago, an Address was sent from Ireland, signed by DANIEL O'CONNELL, THEOBALD MATHEW, and seventy thousand others, invoking the Irishmen and Irishwomen in America to join with the abolitionists, as the only true and consist-

ent friends of liberty; and we feel, therefore, that we are not intrusive, but rather warranted, in asking you to renew an appeal so important, and to which they have given little or no heed." "O," said he, as if the act had long since passed from his memory into oblivion, "I do now recollect that I signed such an Address; and I also recollect that, at that time, it subjected me to a good deal of odium." This was said as if he had witnessed under it—under the odium cast by American traffickers in human flesh! Of what, then, should he be proud on earth! Such a man should have gloried in, as the evidence of his fidelity to the cause of down-trodden humanity.

Finding nothing was to be gained by protracting the interview, and feeling deeply saddened by the result, we took our leave, again expressing the hope that he would attentively read the letter we had just put into his hands, and answer it at his earliest convenience. To that letter, he has not had the courtesy to make any reply.

I have endeavored to state what was said at this interview by Father Mathew and myself with as much verbal accuracy as possible, and believe that I have not only given the substance, but nearly the exact words of the conversation between us. What gave me special surprise, and inflicted the deepest wound upon my spirit, was the apparent lack of all sympathy for the slave, of all interest in the anti-slavery movement. Not a syllable fell from his lips, expressive of pleasure in the manner as may be most agreeable to the American slave has his faithful and devoted advocates—or of joy at the emancipation of eight hundred thousand bondmen in the British Isles! It is with great sorrow of heart that I lay these facts before America, Ireland, and the world.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The following is the letter of invitation, which was put into the hands of Father Mathew:—

BOSTON, July 26, 1849.

ESTEEMED FRIEND OF HUMANITY:

The anniversary of the most thrilling event of the nineteenth century, the abolition of slavery in the British West India colonies, will be celebrated at Worcester, in this Commonwealth, on Friday, Aug. 3, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. In behalf of that Society, the undersigned are instructed to extend to you a cordial and an earnest invitation to be present, and to participate in the proceedings of the meeting, in such manner as may be most agreeable to your feelings. This they gladly now do; and, having no doubt of your heartfelt interest in this great event, and of your desire to see slavery every where abolished, on American, as well as on British soil, they trust that you will be able so to make your arrangements as to enhance the pleasure of the occasion, by your quickening presence. The celebration is one in which all the friends of freedom may joyfully unite, without distinction of sect, party, or country. A grand mass meeting of the people is confidently anticipated at Worcester, and able and distinguished advocates of liberty have pledged themselves to be present.

In the year 1842, an Address from the people of Ireland to their countrymen and countrywomen in America, signed by Ireland's lamented champion, DANIEL O'CONNELL, YOURSELF, and seventy thousand other inhabitants of Ireland, was sent to this country, in which it was truly declared that "Slavery is a sin against God and man—all who are not for it must be against it. It can be neutral," and that it is "in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation under this wretchedness." Its final appeal was in the following emphatic language:—"Irishmen and Irishwomen! treat the colored people as your equals, as brethren. By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate slavery—CLING BY THE ABOLITIONISTS—in America, you will do honor to the name of Ireland."

We deeply regret, that truth compels us to state, that the Address fell powerless on the ear and heart of the Irish population in this country; and while it urged them not to exercise their moral and political power for the extension of slavery, that power has been, and still is, wielded on the side of the oppressor, and against the oppressed. Religiously and politically, like the American people generally, they are in such relations to those who "trade in slaves and the souls of men" as to sanction that horrible traffic, and to prolong the unmitigated servitude of three millions of the native-born inhabitants of the American Union. This melancholy and undeniable fact will cause you much grief; and we doubt not, it will be a powerful incentive to you, to improve every suitable opportunity, while you remain in this country, to bear a clear and unequivocal testimony, both in public and in private, against the enslavement of any portion of the human family; and to tell your countrymen here again, in the words of the Address alluded to, "America is cursed by Slavery! Never cease your efforts until perfect liberty be granted to every one of her inhabitants, the black man as well as the white man. Join with the Abolitionists every where: they are the only consistent advocates of liberty."

It will be doubly gratifying to you to know that the Abolitionists in America are thoroughgoing testators; and it would not be less so to learn, (what, alas! is not the fact,) that testators are as uniformly Abolitionists. Congratulating you on your safe arrival in this country, trusting that your mission of mercy will be crowned with unparalleled success, and assuring you of our sincere regard and heartfelt admiration, we remain, dear sir,

In behalf of three millions of Slaves,

Yours, for universal liberty and sobriety,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

FRANCIS JACKSON.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

H. I. BOWDITCH.

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

The following is the Address, signed by DANIEL O'CONNELL, THEOBALD MATHEW, seventy thousand others, which was forwarded to this country in 1842. It was written on parchment, and may be seen, with signatures, at any time at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill. How emphatic is its language, how uncompromising its spirit, earnest its tone, how hearty its recognition of the abolitionists as worthy of all encouragement, and how strong its condemnation of the complacent caste! Alas! when he signed that Address, Father Mathew did not know of one day standing on the American soil, and controlling the Slave Power face to face! Alas! for his good name and fame that he has come, and, even in Boston, faltered, and bowed the knee to the Demon!

Address from the People of Ireland to their Countrymen and Countrywomen in America.

DEAR FRIENDS:—You are at a great distance from your native land! A wide expanse of water separates you from the beloved country of your birth—from us and from the kindred whom you love, and who love you, and pray for your happiness and prosperity in the land of your adoption.

We regard America with feelings of admiration; we do not look upon her as a strange land, nor upon her people as aliens from our affections. The power of steam has brought us nearer together; it will increase the intercourse between us, so that the character of the Irish people and of the American people must in future be acted upon by the feelings and disposition of each.

The object of this address is to call your attention to the subject of SLAVERY IN AMERICA—that fatal blot upon the noble institutions and the fair fame of your adopted country. But for this one stain, America would indeed be a land worthy your adoption; but she will never be the glorious country that her free constitution designed her to be, so long as her soil is polluted by the footprint of a single slave.

Slavery is the most tremendous invasion of the natural, inalienable rights of man, and of some of the noblest gifts of God, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. What a spectacle does America present to the people of the earth! A land of professing Christian republics, uniting their energies for the oppression and degradation of three millions of innocent human beings, the children of one common Father, who suffer the most grievous wrongs and the utmost degradation, for no crime of their ancestors, and for no crime of their own! SLAVERY IS A SIN AGAINST GOD AND MAN. All who are not for it must be against it. None can be neutral. We entreat you to take the part of justice, religion, and liberty.

It is in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation under this wretchedness. America is cursed by slavery! WE CALL UPON YOU TO UNITE WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS, and never to cease your efforts, until perfect liberty be granted to every one of her inhabitants, the black man as well as the white man. We are all children of the same gracious God; all equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We are told that you possess great power, both moral and political, in America. We entreat you to exercise that power and that influence for the sake of humanity.

You will not witness the horrors of slavery in all the States of America. Thirteen of them are free, and thirteen of them are Slave States. But in all, the pro-slavery feeling, though rapidly decreasing, is still strong. Do not unite with them; on the contrary, oppose it by all the peaceful means in your power. JOIN WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS EVERY WHERE. They are the only consistent advocates of liberty. Tell every man, that you do not understand liberty for the white man, and slavery for the black man; that you are for LIBERTY FOR ALL, of every color, creed, and country.

The American citizen proudly points to the National Declaration of Independence, which declares that "All mankind are born free and equal, and are alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Aid him to carry out this noble declaration, by obtaining freedom for the slave.

Irishmen and Irishwomen! treat the colored people as your equals, as brethren. By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate slavery—CLING BY THE ABOLITIONISTS—in America, you will do honor to the name of Ireland.

(Signed by) DANIEL O'CONNELL, THEOBALD MATHEW, AND SEVENTY THOUSAND OTHER INHABITANTS OF IRELAND.

FASHIONS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Commerce is still an interesting day to a great many people, but it is not the transcendent holiday that it was a century ago. Then it was the great gathering-day for the colonial rank and fashion, as well as of its gravity and learning. The old Meeting-house at Cambridge must have had a gorgeous effect in the days of peach-bloom velvet coats and silver-billed rapiers, of "the wide circumference" of hoops and the towering altitude of crape-cushions. I remember a venerable relative describing to me her sitting up all night the night before old Dr. Danforth's Commencement, for fear of disturbing the arrangement of her hair, which had to be dressed then or not at all, such was the demand for the services of the only coiffeur the town then afforded. Those were the good old days, too, when a roomy family coach could only contain two ladies, one sitting forwards and the other backwards, with the extremities of their hoops protruding from the windows on either side! It was at a rather later day when the head-dresses aspired so proudly that ladies going abroad in full dress had to carry their heads out of the coach windows. A profitable lesson in military, showing that they who would carry their head highest must sometimes stoop their head lowest.—[E. P. & S. Standard.

From the Pittsburgh Daily Despatch.
William Lloyd Garrison.

We copy the following from the New-York Globe of July 23:—

"A number of colored citizens of Boston have presented to Wm. Lloyd Garrison a silver pitcher, 'in testimony of his undeviating devotion to the cause of universal emancipation.' It would probably puzzle them to tell what benefit he has ever been to the cause."

Certainly the Globe has unlearned both its Democratic Union and its Democracy since the shadowed in its title. What man in this Union has done half so much for the cause of emancipation as Mr. Garrison!

When the whole nation was consenting to the existence, perpetuity and unrestricted usurpations of slavery—when no Globe, or Atlas, nor any of the thousands of Northern presses, dreamed of interfering with slavery-extension, or prescribing limits to slave domination, Mr. Garrison, alone, poor and despised, issued from a garret in Boston, the first number of 'The Liberator'—an Abolition paper—the only one in America. Struggling with every difficulty, hated, reviled, persecuted—now suffering imprisonment in a filthy Baltimore jail—again in the hands of a Boston mob, with a rope around his neck, and only saved from hanging by being placed in a prison—yet again and again hooted, hissed, assailed from press and pulpit, all over the land, with vindictive hatred—large rewards offered publicly in the slave States to the taker of his life—pelted with stones, bricks, rotten eggs, and filth of all kinds, yet going fearlessly on, bearing down opposition with a courage and energy unsurpassed by that of any hero of any age—and triumphing at last in the achievement of a total revolution in popular sentiment—compelling the two great parties of the North to do lip-service at least for Abolition—to fawn and flatter the very men whom it had been their pleasure and their policy to denounce at every meeting and convention, as incendiaries, fanatics, monsters of depravity. Rather let us ask, what Mr. Garrison has not done for the cause of Truth! The very leader and prophet in the outset, he has never faltered for an instant, during nearly eighteen years; and his eloquent pen and tongue are still as freely devoted to the cause as when his first post on the harness for the mighty moral conflict, although too many who battled beside him for a time grew weary, and laid down to rest.

Soil party would have had no existence. New York Hunkerism would still have gloried in alliance with the baby-stealers and women-whippers of the South. The slave might have looked to hopeless bondage—and the country to the unopposed extension of slavery over every foot of American territory South of the Missouri compromise line. In many things we disagree with Mr. Garrison—but no man, we think, who regards truth and justice, will deny that he has proved himself, as was said by Joel Barlow of Alexander Hamilton—

An Ithaca in camp, an Ajax in the field, throughout the long anti-slavery war.

Answering our own Prayers.

In the vicinity of B——, lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labor. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick bed and the family. His means of support thus cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to go and ask him for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived when the family were at morning prayers. As he sat on the door stone, he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labor. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had promised to loan a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbor—would let him have it.

With a thankful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house, the farmer's little son stepped up and said, "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort the mourners?" "Yes; why?" "Because, father, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer."

It is needless to add, that the Christian father called back his suffering neighbor, and gave him as much as he needed.

Now, Christian reader, do you thus answer your own prayers?—N. J. Egan.

A DEEP GROAN FROM A PRO-SLAVERY PRESS.

The last number of the Louisville Baptist Banner contains the following:

We are painfully apprehensive that some of our brethren have suffered themselves to become so deeply involved in the slavery question, as it is now politically agitated in this State, that the peace and harmony of some of our churches are threatened thereby. This is what we have dreaded and deprecated, as a probable consequence of agitating this question among us, from the beginning; and to ward off which we have used all imaginable caution, and have deemed it our duty to exclude it, as a question of political controversy, from the columns of the Banner.

We fear that there are some, even among our ministering brethren, who have become so entangled in the controversy, that they are not only reckless of the consequences of their course upon the peace of the churches, but who are even disposed to get up a religious sentiment in order to aid in accomplishing their political preferences.

Letter from T. M. Barrett to his Father.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., July 22, 1849.

My Dear Father:

You have been but too correctly informed by the newspapers. I am indeed in prison and would have informed you sooner, but how could I pain your kind heart by the sad news! Oh, with a father's tenderness you reared me and have loved me, and in your old days I have brought sorrow and affliction upon you. It pains me, my father, it pains me to my heart's core. You say to me, write to the Clerk here, that I left you with a character unblemished. My father, you will believe me, you will love me, let the world say what they will of me—I have committed no crime, been guilty of no deed that ought to bring reproach or censure upon any one.—No, I, for whom you feel so much solicitude, although I am in prison and may never see you again in this world, have not stained your name with infamy by the commission of any crime. I am charged with having circulated abolition documents. Now, my father, you will believe me, I have circulated no documents of any kind in the State of South Carolina, nor violated any law of the State so far as I know. Hear it in mind that I tell you so, and although death may close my eyes in eternal sleep before I ever see you again, when you shall hear that appearances are against me, and see my name in the public prints, remember what I told you, and treasure it in your heart, that I am innocent—that I am the victim of the selfishness, misconduct, and infatuation of others, and that I now suffer for what others have done, and for which they ought to be responsible.

My story is simply this: I came here as the agent of E. Harwood & Co., of Cincinnati, to procure materials for publishing a Gazetteer. I came here in the early part of the season, intending to go north as the weather grew warmer, and finally around to our old home in Virginia—thence to Cincinnati and to Dublin. I found documents about in the State which were obnoxious to the people, and which gave me some trouble as people suspected me for having some connection with them. But knowing myself clear of their circulation, I felt no fears and proceeded with my labors. I came to this place with an anxious heart, for I had written to Sarah and expected an answer at this place from one whom I tenderly love—my dear sister. As soon as I had taken lodgings at a hotel, the people came upon me with two letters, one from Dublin, which I was much pleased to see, but on opening it, Mr. Mathew, as he called me, it was not from you. Why did you not, my dear sister write me a simple letter as I requested. Then perhaps might I have escaped this prison. But I don't blame you in the least—nor do I blame Mr. Johnson, for I know he intended no harm, but his letter injured me. The other letter was anonymous and contained a few Nos. of this same obnoxious document, which the writer requested me to circulate. It was enough—the people were excited, and threw me into prison instantly—where I have since remained.—(This was on the 5th of June.) Since then other documents have been sent me making the same request. The documents were all closely enveloped addressed to persons in the State, and I was requested to drop them into post offices along my way. Thus I was made to circulate them without knowing what they were. But I did not circulate any of them. The first that came to me was at this place, and there is perhaps nothing in the law against me, at least the attorneys I have employed and my own judgment is, that there is little or no chance of convicting me. I can prove by my employers what I came here for, and if I could find the man who sent me the Documents which I may yet do, that they were sent to me without my knowledge or consent. And this ought certainly to set me clear—especially since they can have nothing against me but vague circumstances. The people are excited, however, and it will be hard for me to have a fair trial. The penalty is one thousand dollars fine and one year's imprisonment in the county prison.—I can be bailed out at one thousand dollars, and this must be in cash deposited here.

Democracy in Ohio.

The Old Hunkers of Fayette Co., Ohio, recently held a public meeting at Point township, at which one John Carle presided, and a John S. James acted as Secretary. After due deliberation, a speech from John S. James, and a report from a Committee, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted. The fellows ought to change the name of their county, and no doubt would, if they knew that Lafayette said, not long before his death, that he would never draw his sword in the American Revolution had he known that it would not have abolished Negro Slavery.—[Nat. A. S. Standard.

PREAMBLE.—In view of the great increase of the colored population in this portion of the country, and the improper means made use of by the Abolitionists to encourage and harbor them, without any respect to their character or conduct among us, we do adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we will not vote for an Abolitionist for any office whatever.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the repeal of the Black Laws, and that we will use all just means to have them in force again.

Resolved, That we are opposed to any action or interference on the part of Northern men with Slavery as it now exists in the Southern States.

A FACT FOR ABOLITIONISTS.—In 1838 the exportation of sugar from our colonies, the Mauritius, and the East Indies, amounted to 5,798,000 cwt., which was far more than the exportation of any year during the period of slavery.—[London Standard of Freedom.

Slaves were Satan's bellows to blow up contention.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, AUGUST 25, 1849.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS. Edmund Burke.

CALL FOR A CONVENTION

OF THE
Anti-Slavery Young Men and Women of Ohio.

In compliance with the earnest wish of a very large number of Abolitionists, and, as they believe, in perfect accordance with the feelings of the whole body of their constituents, the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society have determined to call a Convention of the Anti-Slavery Young Men and Women of Ohio; and the undersigned have been appointed a Committee of Arrangements, to designate the place where and the time when the Convention shall be held, and to issue the necessary Call. In the discharge of the duty thus assigned us, we now give notice that the Convention will be held at BERLIN, Mahoning County, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d days of September next; commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Friday, and closing on Sunday. The time and place thus named have been designated after a careful consideration by the Committee of the various interests and circumstances which ought to control their judgment, and they rely upon their coadjutors in every part of the State for their hearty concurrence in their decision. Berlin is central in its position, easy of access at all points, and the friends of the cause there are not only able, but will esteem it a privilege, to extend their hospitality to those who may attend the Convention. The time fixed upon, it is thought is not so early as to interfere essentially with the labors of the farmers, nor so late as to render it uncomfortable to meet either in a grove or tent.

The Young Men and Women of Ohio, who believe Slavery to be a Sin against God and an outrage upon Humanity; that Immediate Emancipation is the Right of the Slave and the Duty of the Master; who recognize the Bondman as a Man and a Brother, and acknowledge their obligation to employ all rightful means to procure his freedom; are earnestly invited, without regard to their views upon other subjects, and without distinction of sex or color, to attend this Convention. But while Young Men and Women are specially invited, and while it is anticipated that they will take the lead in the proceedings, let it not be for a moment supposed that the Convention is to be exclusive in its spirit, nor that the Fathers and the Youth will not be alike welcome. The age of the Philanthropist is not measured so much by years, as by the degree of hopefulness, elasticity of spirit, and vigor of soul which he may exhibit in the conflict with Wrong. Devotion to Truth, an earnest and ever-increasing love for the Right, will preserve the soul in perennial youth, though the body may wear the marks of age; while on the other hand, the spirit defiled by selfishness and inhumanity, however young, is doomed to premature decrepitude and imbecility. We do not, therefore, refer to any precise or exclusive numerical standard when we speak of Young Men and Women, but would leave individuals to determine for themselves whether or not they are included in this class, only expressing the hope that they will be extremely liberal toward themselves in settling so delicate a question.

It is the desire of the Committee that this should be the largest and most spirited Convention ever held in Ohio. Let the Young Men and Women, and all others whose hearts are enlisted in the cause of the Slave, come together in a spirit of harmony and fraternity, with a fixed determination to adhere to Truth and Right at all hazards, to resist alike the wiles of a corrupt State and the sorceries of a false Church, and in the strength of God to stand firmly and fearlessly upon the rock of Principle, and wage an unrelenting war against the monster Sin of our land, and upon all the unholy bulwarks that surround it. No compromise with Slavery or its abettors—no temporizing or half-way measures—no doing of Evil that Good may come,—should be the motto of the Abolitionists now, when so many are led astray by a false and delusive Expediency. Perseverance, Fidelity, and a Courage which no obstacles can appal, are virtues which they should sedulously cultivate, if they would stand approved of God as co-workers with him in the great cause of Human Freedom. True to Principle as the needs to the pole, every Abolitionist should be able to say, not boastfully, but in all good conscience,

"I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose trustful and ruling quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

In this spirit alone, friends of the Slave, can we hope to conquer. Come, then, from your fields and your workshops, from your hills and vales, and forest-homes; come with one heart, swayed by a common and glorious impulse, and let us lift up before the world a Testimony for Truth and Justice, which shall carry dismay to the hearts of tyrants and their abettors, and fill the souls of the enslaved with joy and exultation.

OLIVER JOHNSON, SARAH COATES,
JOEL MCNEILAN, J. ELIZABETH JONES,
JAMES BARNARD, SALLY B. GOVE,
DAVID L. GILBERT, MARGARET HISE,
Committee of Arrangements.
SALEM, Aug. 20, 1849.

Convention in Salem.

The Convention held in Salem on Sunday last more than answered our highest anticipations. Never did the sky bend more serenely or beautifully over an assembly of freemen, never was the atmosphere purer or more invigorating, than on this interesting occasion. The rain of Friday night was just sufficient to lay the dust and render traveling agreeable, and hence multitudes came to the meeting from a distance of from ten to twenty-five miles. ISAAC TRESCOTT having been appointed Chairman, the discussions of the day were opened by BENJAMIN S. JONES in a well-timed, earnest and effective speech, of which the parable of the Good Samaritan furnished the text. The character of the popular Religion of our day was drawn with great discrimination and clearness, and contrasted with the pure Religion of Christ as illustrated in that parable. The criminal indifference of the various religious sects to the wrongs and woes of the slave was dwelt upon with a severity which every enlightened and unperverted conscience must have felt to be no more than just.

At the close of Mr. Jones's speech, a stranger arose, and, after avowing himself a citizen of Massachusetts, undertook to vindicate the Churches of that State from the charge of being pro-slavery. And such a defense! Though uttered with a gravity which would have done honor to a parson, it was nevertheless so puerile, nonsensical and childish, that, in attempting to reply to it, the friends of freedom must have felt as the farmer in the Vermont Legislature did, who said, referring to the speech of a frothy lawyer, that it did "wrench a fellow terribly to kick at nothing." However, we must give the gentleman credit for affording several of our speakers occasion for showing up the popular Church in her true character as the ally of men-stealers and the abettor of tyranny and oppression. The work was most effectively done, and the recalcitrant Yankee buyer made to feel that he could not "pull the wool" over the eyes of Ohio Abolitionists as easily as he had anticipated. The name of this defender of a pro-slavery Church is Ziba Parkhurst, and he told us that he hailed from Andover, from the shadow of the great Theological Seminary of New England! Rip Van Winkle was not more unconscious of what had taken place in the world during his long sleep, than was this recreant son of Massachusetts of the history and scope of the Anti-Slavery Movement. After this description of him, no one can be surprised to hear that he avowed himself a supporter of Gen. Taylor. The Church political stand or fall together, and hence it is meet that both should find their defender in the same person.

At the close of the morning session, the following resolutions were presented:

Resolved, That Slavery is opposed to the eternal and immutable law of God written in the soul of every human being, and that it is and must be an impudent falsehood to affirm, that in any other revelation of his will, the Author of that Law has sanctioned such an institution.

Resolved, That, if the Bible is not against Slavery—as Father Mathew and the pro-slavery clergy declare—it is the duty of the friends of the slave to go against the Bible.

Resolved, That Slavery in our country rests upon a corrupt public sentiment, fostered by a corrupt Church and a corrupt Government; that the true remedy for the evil is to be sought in the subversion of the public opinion which has so long supported it; and that this can be accomplished not by political but by moral instrumentalities—by the proclamation of the Truth, which is mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.

Resolved, That while the slaveholder, by the highest law of the nation, is allowed to pursue the fugitive in every nook and corner of the so-called Free States, and while the North is bound by a solemn oath to put down the slaves if they attempt to gain their liberty by force, it is a falsehood to affirm that one single foot of our country's soil is free.

In the afternoon the resolutions were advocated by Henry C. Wright, J. W. Walker, B. S. Jones, James Davis, (a colored man from Knox township, who displayed much shrewdness and talent,) Jane Trescott, Sam. Brooke, and Oliver Johnson. Some of the Free Soilers took part in the discussion so far as to interrogate the speakers on several points, and the pious Taylorite from Massachusetts "mixed in" after his own peculiar fashion. The tracking policy and compromising spirit of the Free Soil party were exhibited by its defenders in an unmistakable light. Samuel Ware, of Berlin, admitted that the Constitution gives the slaveholder the right to recapture his fugitive in every part of the Free States, but said he would swear to support it because he could thereby do more good than in taking the opposite course. Being asked, if he acknowledged Slavery to be a self-evident wrong, he replied in the affirmative; but when he was pressed with the question, "Will you do a self-evident wrong in order to get the power to do good?" he stammered, took back his admission in regard to the inherent character of Slavery, and affirmed that neither that nor any thing else was a self-evident wrong; that any act was right which produced more good

than evil! and to illustrate his principle, he even went so far as to say that it would be right for our country to enter into an alliance for the support of serfdom, provided Russia would grant us the privilege of discussing the subject in her dominions! This denial of any inherent moral quality in actions, antecedent to the effects produced by them, and that there is any instinctive power in man to distinguish right from wrong, though necessary to the defence of the Free Soil party, is yet nothing but unmitigated Atheism. It is, moreover, an assault upon the Declaration of Independence, which affirms that the equal right of men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is a self-evident truth; and upon Christ also, who bids us do unto others, not what, after experiment, we may happen to think will do them, on the whole, more good than evil, but whatsoever we would (instinctively) that they should do unto us." We give Mr. Ware credit for his frankness. He did not, like Mr. Preston, shrink from the avowal of the only principle on which he could make any tolerable defence of his party.

The resolutions were adopted by a strong vote, and the Convention separated at a late hour, cheered by the assurance that the day had been usefully and profitably spent; that important truths had been ably illustrated and defended; that specious errors had been effectually exposed and refuted; that the friends of the cause had been refreshed in spirit and quickened in zeal; and, in a word, that another effectual blow had been struck in the cause of Freedom and Humanity.

Chivalry and Cathartes.

The brave State of Carolina, which boasts of her ability to flog the whole United States, was thrown into convulsions recently by an innocent pill-vender from the North. A traveling agent for the sale of Brandreth's pills, Mr. George G. Stephenson of New York, visited Yorkville in the pursuit of his business, and was waited upon by the Committee of Public Safety, who stated to him "that the dangers which at present threaten the peculiar domestic institutions of the South made it necessary that all strangers (especially those from the North) should be examined," &c. Mr. Stephenson denounced the proceeding as oppressive and ungentlemanly, but all in vain. The Quattlebuns could not consent that their darling institution, which makes the negroes so contented and happy, should be put in peril by a pill-vender. With becoming formality they searched him, and, horrible to relate, found in his pocket a letter in which mention was made of "a new Richmond corps being organized for the South, consisting of some five or six persons," (what a formidable conspiracy against the peace of a whole State!) giving only the initials of the names, (what an appalling circumstance!) "alluding to the difficulties and dangers they had to encounter, and putting up a prayer for success." The poor pill-vender protested that this letter referred only to a plan for the sale of pills, but all to no purpose. The chivalrous slaveholders warned him to leave the village on the next morning, and in order that the District of Yorkville might be relieved from all apprehensions of danger on account of his visit, the agency he had established was given up, and the pills he had left were all returned to him! We have heard a great deal of the power of Brandreth's pills, but really, we never expected to see a sovereign State thrown into spasms by them. The Committee of Safety probably thought that each pill contained a live Abolitionist, and that, if they were permitted to remain in the State, they would explode in an army of incendiaries, prepared to free the slaves and cut the throats of the masters! Perhaps it might have been some relief to the people of Yorkville if they had known that Dr. Brandreth was a regular pro-slavery Hunker, and a candidate for Elector on the Cass ticket.

Pic Nic and Convention.

HENRY C. WRIGHT will hold a Pic Nic for Children at Cool Spring meeting-house, near Unionville, to-day (Saturday) at 10 o'clock, A. M.

On Sunday he will attend an Anti-Slavery Convention, with SAMUEL BROOKE, at the same place.

EXCLUSIVE SCHOOLS.—We find in the North Star an able Report of a Committee of the Board of Education of the City of Rochester, in favor of the abolition of Colored Schools, and permitting colored children to attend the common schools, from which they have hitherto been excluded. The Star says that the press of the City, without distinction of party, approves of the report, but that the measure proposed is liable to fall on account of the opposition of a few ignorant colored people and of the "under strata" of the whites. Boston is the only place in Massachusetts where an exclusive school exists, and the Colored People, aided by the opponents of caste among the whites, are making a strong effort to abolish the nuisance there.

CRIME IN DELAWARE.—Capt. Vandegrift, of the steamboat Zephyr, at Wilmington, Delaware, has been fined \$500 because a slave escaped on his boat. It was not shown that he had any knowledge that the man was a slave. The *Blue Hen's Chicken* speaks out strongly against the law under which the Captain was punished.

Children's Pic Nics.

SALEM, August 30, 1849.

FRIEND JOHNSON: The following extracts from my journal may interest the readers of the Bugle. They relate to Children; and who that is a part of the present age can help but feel an interest in them? The coming age is embodied in the Children of the present. Ohio, in 1900, is in the children of Ohio in 1849. What is then to constitute this State, with its mighty influence, for good or evil, on the destiny of man, is in our hands, to be moulded by our wisdom.

New Lisbon, Aug. 9.—I came here last evening, and found that preparations had been made to hold a Pic Nic for the Children of this town and vicinity, in a beautiful grove. Found the children anxiously looking forward to a pleasant holiday. During the night and this morning it rained, and it was concluded that it would not be well to go into the grove. Great was the disappointment, which found vent in sour looks and fretful sighs. "I wish it would stop raining," "Why did it rain to-day?" "Why did it not rain yesterday, if it must rain at all?" "The rain is too vexatious," were expressions that might have been heard from many lips. What was to be done? The question among parents. Every thing was ready for a pleasant Pic Nic, but the weather. Shall it be given up, and the disappointment of the children be completed? Finally, we all gathered in the Methodist meeting-house, where I now am. I offered a resolution "That it is wrong to fret about the weather."

"Children," said I, "do you feel pleasant this morning?" They confessed they did not. "Why?" "Because the weather is so unpleasant," was the answer. "That is very strange," I said, "that you should be unpleasant because the weather is. When the day looks cloudy, it is the very time for you to look bright; if the weather is unpleasant, that is the very reason why you should look pleasant." So, after a long talk about it, we passed the resolution, and several others about living together without quarrelling. Then we had our Pic Nic in the same house; and a happy time we had. Parents and children entered heartily and lovingly into the scene, and found that we could have joy and brightness in our hearts, though it looked dismal and dark without.

Marlboro', Aug. 13.—In a grove, half a mile from the village. We began a Convention here on the 11th; held it yesterday, and are winding up to-day with a Children's Pic Nic. Some 400 children are present, with as many parents and adults—gathered from 10 miles around. We met at 10 in the forenoon, and had a talk till 12. Then formed a procession, Oliver Johnson and myself at the head of the children, and of them in spirit, and walked about under the glorious branches of the trees to the music of a flute and violin, to a table 150 feet long, spread with food. There we all ate and drank cold water to satisfaction. Then the children wandered and romped in the woods an hour, while the older people ate up the fragments.

Then at 2 P. M., we assembled and had more talk. I offered several resolutions. One was, "That it is wrong to scold;" another, "it is wrong to get angry;" another, "it is wrong for children to strike one another." These were discussed and passed with great animation and earnestness, by parents and children. Our conclusion is that it is wrong for children to get angry and cross, and scold at one another; and for parents to do the like to their children; that it makes families and nations miserable to have children and parents treat one another so; that our earthly parents never wish to see their children angry and quarrelling, or striking and killing one another; and that our Heavenly Father never delights to see his children fighting, hanging, shooting or stabbing one another; nor learning how to do it. "Would 'OLD ZACH' like to be made a slave, or have others throw cannon balls and bomb-shells into his house, and kill him and his wife and children?" "No," said the children. "What would he call us if we did?" "Murderers," said all. "What is he when he en-slaves and kills others?" "A thief and murderer." "So then, the people of the United States have chosen a thief and murderer to be their President, have they?" "Yes," was the unanimous shout. "What is a soldier?" "I asked. "A man-butcher," said some. "A murderer," said others. "What is the trade of a soldier?" "To murder men, women and children," was the answer. "What are those doing who advocate slavery and war?" "They advocate theft, robbery and murder," was the answer.

The meeting was helped on by remarks from Oliver Johnson, Marius Robinson, Wm. Steadman, Barclay Gilbert, Truman Case and many others, who told their experience in regard to anger, scolding, fretting, striking, &c. It has been a time of mingling hearts not to be forgotten by parents or children.

Salem, Aug. 18.—At 10 this morning the children and parents of Salem and vicinity began to assemble in Hawley's Grove, near the town, for a long-expected and wished-for Pic Nic. By 11 a large concourse was gathered from miles around. The children were addressed till 12. Then we walked in procession to the tables spread in the grove, and took our Pic Nic. Then played, laughed, talked and shouted out the joy and worship of our hearts an hour. Then assembled again;

and the talking is now going on. Resolutions have been passed that it is wrong for parents to strike children when they or the children are excited; that it is wrong to strike children for accidents, or for imitating us; and that it is wrong to fret and scold about the weather, or any thing else. It is a searching time for parents; for they are led to inquire into their domestic management. "If parents scold and strike; if they chew or smoke tobacco, drink whiskey, tell falsehoods, cheat, steal, rob or murder, and advocate these practices, they do wrong to punish their children for doing them. "Is it right for you to do these wicked things because your parents and because the Presidents, Governors and rulers do them?" "No," answered the children. "Would it be right for you to hate and kill your enemies, because the rulers or your parents tell you to do so?" "No," said the children, "we must not hate and kill any body." "What ought you to do to your enemies?" "Love them and do them good," said the children. "But suppose Congress and Old Zach tell you to hate and kill them?" "We must refuse to mind them, and still love them and do them good." "How would you like to have others sell whiskey to your parents to make them drunk?" "We should not like it, and it would be wicked for others to do it." "Would it be right then for you to sell it to others to make them drunk?" "No," was the emphatic answer.

Thus have we been talking with these children over two hours on their relations and duties to their fellow beings. Very many men and women, and all the children, have taken part in it. It is a joyous, happy scene. The children seem unwilling to come to a close, and say they want us to talk with them an hour longer. This has been a meeting for true religious worship under the mighty and lofty tops of these oaks of 500 years growth. These venerable old trees never looked down upon a happier group. No meeting-house nor church ever contained a gathering of purer, more loving, more sincere, more truly pious, devoted and joyous spirits than are now gathered at this Pic Nic in Hawley's grove. The gatherings of parents and children are inexpressibly dear to me. They draw me nearer to man and to God.

Parents of Ohio! Come up from your forest homes to these Pic Nics. A day thus spent with them, will be of more value to them than thousands spent at Elections, Trainings, or even in sectarian churches, where they must be imbued with a theology at war with the facts of their existence, or a sectarianism at war with their humanity.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

JOHN TYLER, that pink of the Virginia chivalry, is out in a letter of indignation against Austria for her treatment of Hungary. The Ex-President is particularly shocked at the Austrian authorities should scourge women, "thus trampling civilization in the dust and reverting to days of more than Gothic darkness and barbarity;" and he thinks that the United States ought to "protest against such proceedings," and if the protest is unavailing, he would have the nation manifest its displeasure by "withdrawing all diplomatic intercourse." "We are responsible to the world and posterity," continues the hardened old baby-stealer, wiping his sanctimonious lips—"for the aid we may give in the advancement of society to the highest state of civilization and refinement; and we but poorly acquit ourselves of our duty, if we keep company with those who war both against civilization and refinement." With what a withering indignation might the royal tyrant reply: "Go from my presence, thou hypocrite! the chosen head of a nation of republican das-tards, who, with words of freedom upon your lips, yet hold three millions of slaves!" "Give liberty to your bondmen; cease to flay the backs of American mothers, wives and sisters, and to subject them to the lust of brutal owners and overseers, before you set yourselves up as models of refinement and civilization, and pretend to be shocked at the treatment which I award to my subjects. Out upon you, ye miserable pretenders!" It is a pity that the North cannot be persuaded to serve the South as John Tyler would serve Austria. If it be derogatory to a civilized people to hold intercourse with women-whippers, the Free States cannot too soon dissolve partnership with their Southern neighbors. Down with the Constitution! down with the Union! Then will our rebukes of Austrian oppressors be felt.

H. M. FREEMAN, of Rutland, Vt., a colored man, a good speaker and a superior linguist, recently graduated at Middlebury College. He delivered the Salutatory Address of his class.

Father Mathew.

On the First Page will be found an account of the interview between the Committee of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society and Father Mathew, to which allusion was made last week. Our Massachusetts friends, we think, acted wisely in extending to Father Mathew an invitation to be present at the Worcester Celebration, thus affording him an opportunity to prove by his conduct here the sincerity of his professions at home. If he had simply declined attending the meeting on account of his pressing engagements in the cause of Temperance, taking care to reaffirm his hostility to Slavery and to reiterate the advice which he sent across the water to his countrymen in 1842, there would have been no ground for serious complaint; but when he avowed his determination not to "commit himself" on the question while in this country, he proved himself a coward and a traitor. His language and demeanor before the Committee were such as to demonstrate his utter want of principle, and his deliberate intention to trample under foot the advice which he and O'Connell, and Seventy Thousand others had addressed to Irishmen in America. Thus are we furnished with another painful illustration of the power of a pro-slavery public opinion in the United States—a power which only here and there one of those who visit us from Great Britain has been found able to withstand. Would to God that he whose treachery to Freedom we now record had been a man for whom we had felt less of respect and veneration; for then the duty which his unfaithfulness imposes upon us might have been discharged with less of pain and mortification.

We are persuaded that the usefulness of Father Mathew in the cause of Temperance will be greatly impaired by this act of treachery to the Slave. He has forfeited the confidence of thousands besides the Abolitionists, and his name, which otherwise would have been spoken only with feelings of veneration by the true and good, will henceforth excite the disgust of all who prize integrity as the jewel of character.

A Poor Excuse.

Leading Whig journals try to excuse Secretary Clayton for his insulting refusal of a passport to a colored man, on the alleged ground that he followed the uniform precedent of the State Department. Now, gentlemen! this won't do. Have not the Whigs claimed to be the true anti-slavery party? Have they not pretended to be opposed to the truckling subservience of the so-called Democratic party? Did they not obtain the reins of government under solemn promises of reform? And will they now plead "Democratic" precedents as an excuse for pro-slavery acts? Have they not affected to be indignant because the 'Loco-Focos' so often trample upon the Constitutional rights of citizens; and will they now make the example of those same outrageous 'Loco-Focos' the measure of their own virtue? No, gentlemen—it won't do.

But it is not true that Mr. Clayton followed the uniform of his department. Passports have been granted to colored men, and that, too, by 'Democratic' Secretaries. Rev. Peter Williams, a colored clergyman of New York, obtained one in 1836, signed by John Forsyth of Virginia, under the administration of Van Buren; and Robert Parviz and his wife of Byberry, Pa. had one in 1831. The Secretary tried to put off Mr. Purvis with a mere certificate of protection, but his attorney (we think it was Hon. John Sergeant) sent it back and demanded a passport in regular form, and it was granted. Mr. Clayton, therefore, is without the poor authority of precedent for refusing a passport to Hambleton. Shame upon him!

FUNNY.—We must acknowledge our indebtedness to the *Elgria Courier* for the heartiest laugh we have enjoyed since our residence in the Buckeye State. The New Bedford (Mass.) *Mercury* took occasion to baste Secretary Clayton, for refusing a passport to a colored man, in half a column of broad satire, of which these sentences are specimens: "There is a growing disposition on the part of colored people to imagine themselves men and even citizens, which ought to be checked and put down." "What right has this man Hambleton to be traveling beyond the borders of the only country on the face of the earth where he can enjoy true liberty and equal privileges?" "If he needs must be gadding about the world, instead of sticking to his business at home, what right has he to petition our noble country for passports and protections?" "Not only he, but his whole race, are excluded from the protection of our government. They deserve as much for the shocking bad taste they exhibited in coming into this pure and righteous world with black skins," &c., &c. This piece of scorching satire our neighbor of the *Courier* treats as a serious expression of pro-slavery sentiment and feeling, and lets off his indignation thereupon, with all the solemnity of a parson, under no less than seven distinct heads! What is the matter with your spectacles, Mr. *Courier*?

LUCY STONE was recently invited by the Unitarian minister of Pepperell, Mass., to occupy his pulpit for an anti-slavery lecture during the regular service on the Sabbath.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

The Bible—Father Mathew.

SALEM, August 19, 1849.

FRIEND JOHNSON: I am on the platform of an A. S. Convention, in Hawley's grove. I have just offered and commented on the following resolution:

Resolved, That if the Bible is not against Slavery—as Father Mathew and the pro-slavery priests of this nation say it is not—then it is the duty of the friends of Justice and Humanity to go against the Bible.

By Bible I mean just what they mean who thus quote that book to justify their iniquitous support of a criminal and cruel indifference to the outrages perpetrated upon the American slaves. Twenty years ago, the American Church and Clergy said—"the Bible sanctions slavery." They were met by the assertion, "if the Bible sanctions slavery, the Bible is opposed to self-evident truth, and is therefore a self-evident falsehood." Now they have lowered their tone, and say, "the Bible says nothing against slavery." The above resolution meets this in the only way in which it ought to be met. It is immaterial what the Bible does or does not say on the subject, so far as the duty of all men is concerned respecting slavery. The voice of God, speaking through every element of our physical, social and spiritual nature, has settled this question. I would as soon go to the Bible to learn my duty to a starving or drowning man, as to the slave.

And Father Mathew has covered before the demon of American Slavery!! It is said! It is pitiful! A man who, while in his own dear green Isle, could so loudly and so earnestly protest against oppression at home and abroad, and especially against American Slavery, declaring even neutrality or indifference to it to be a heinous offence against justice, humanity, and Christianity; and then the moment he lands on our shores, allying himself to the slave-breeder and slave-holders of the land, justifying himself and them by quoting the Bible, and heading the millions of his fellow-countrymen and sectarians in this country in their hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause, and to the oppressed American! It is mean, it is cowardly; it is most unjust, and recreant to the character he has so nobly earned in the cause of Temperance. Better for the American Slave, for the cause of Humanity, and for Father Mathew's good name, had he remained at home, or that he had been engulfed in the Ocean ere landing on these slavery-cursed shores to burn incense to the American Moloch. And is he going to be the guest of slave-breeder and slave-trader, and to be waited on by slaves? Is he going to be dumb respecting the horrors of slavery? He is; and will ere long bitterly rue the day when he gave heed to that counsel that has caused him so bitter to err.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

The friends in New Lyme—always true and hearty in the cause—have voted unanimously, we understand, in favor of the Young People's Convention. This is just what we expected. Now friends!—not only in New Lyme, but in every part of the State!—go to work and make the Convention what it should be in numbers and spirit.

The Liberator comes to us this week freighted with the noble utterances of Burleigh, Parker, Ballou, Phillips and Emerson, at the Worcester Celebration. Such speeches—so full of poetry, eloquence and philanthropy—so replete with high and ennobling thought—where else could they have been heard save in a gathering of the ever faithful and devoted Abolitionists of the Old Bay State! We must give extracts next week.

The thanks of the Abolitionists of Salem and vicinity are due to BENJAMIN HAWLEY, Esq., for his kindness in permitting them to occupy his splendid grove, without fee or reward, for the recent Convention and Pic Nic. In a place where all, or nearly all, the meetings of the various sects are closed against anti-slavery meetings, such an act of kindness and liberality is too precious to pass unnoticed. Thanks are also due to Mr. CHART COAST, who cheerfully gave the friends of the cause access to his lumber-pile for the supply of the necessary seats. Neither of these gentlemen, we believe, is in sympathy with the Disunion movement, but it is greatly to their credit that they did not therefore refuse to do us a favor which narrow sectarians so often withhold.

DIORITY.—When the President arrived at Lancaster, Pa. a "rough looking man"—so says the Tribune's correspondent—climbed up the side of the car in which he was sitting, exclaiming at the top of his voice, as he extended his hand, "Here's 'Old Zach'—I see the old con!" Instantly a stampede was made for that point, and cries of "Old Zach! give us your paw!" were all that could be heard. A dignified reception, truly, for the "second Washington." Bah!

"Perish all laws, constitutions, usages, precedents, which exalt one man and depress another!"—N. Y. Tribune.

We submit to The Tribune that it is bound by the principle here laid down to cry, "Perish the Constitution of the United States," for surely it exalts the whites and depresses the blacks. Come, Mr. Tribune! expand your lungs and join the Abolitionists in shouting, "No union with slaveholders."

Cleveland True Democrat.

"Perish all Laws and Constitutions which would exalt the few and depress the many. Down with any government or party in it, that will say, lift up one man and tread down another."—True Democrat.

And yet the Democrat swears allegiance to the U. S. Constitution, which, by the acknowledgment of its late Presidential candidate and of almost the whole body of its party, does, by a base 'compromise' with slaveholders, 'tread down' three millions of its countrymen into the dust. Will Mr. Vaughan, for whom, though personally a stranger, we have long felt a sincere respect, explain to us the process by which he reconciles such a course to his conscience? Does he believe in the jesuitical maxim, 'Do evil that good may come'? If not, how can he swear to support the Constitution, 'compromises' and all, in order to obtain power to prevent the farther extension of Slavery? Will he answer us these questions with his characteristic directness and manliness?

—There is another point to which we would respectfully solicit the attention of the Democrat. We understand it to endorse the sentiment of one of its correspondents and of the old Liberty party, "that no slaveholder should be esteemed fit for office." How, then, can it support a Constitution which brings slaveholding communities into full partnership with free States, not only recognizing them as 'fit for office,' but even allowing them to be represented in proportion to the number whom they enslave? Is it not the very acme of self-stultification to say that slaveholding States are fit for governmental partnership, and yet that individual slaveholders ought not to have their share of the offices?

SENATOR WALKER.—It is stated on good authority that the resolutions passed by the Legislature of Wisconsin, instructing the Senators from that State to support the Wilmore Provision, were introduced at the instigation of Walker himself, who expressed his fears that his colleague would not be true to Freedom without such instructions. It is a singular comment upon this Senator's distrust of that colleague, that the latter left a sick bed to record his vote against the amendment, by which the former attempted to betray his constituents.

The Wisconsin Free Democrat states that Walker's friends are hard at work to secure a majority in the next Legislature, and a Governor that will sustain him.

YEARLY MEETING.—The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends (not Orthodox) will commence to-day, (Saturday,) in this place.—We hope it will give evidence of progress on questions of Reform.

Diabolical Outrage.

The following account from the Lebanon (Warren Co.) Star, should cause the face of every white man in Ohio to tingle with shame. It shows that the diabolical spirit of slavery and the murderous malignity of caste are yet rife in at least one of the Counties of the State.

A riot occurred at Morrow on Saturday evening, which will probably give some trouble to the parties engaged in it. A theft was committed by a colored man named Henry Watkins—a convict formerly in the Penitentiary—who was immediately arrested and committed to jail. This aroused the indignation of sundry persons in the village, who met on Friday and resolved that every negro should leave the place in one week thereafter. Notice was accordingly given, and on Saturday, as we understand, all had left with the exception of two, Charles Casey and his wife, who had been assured that they would be suffered to remain. The terror of the mob—for such we must characterize every body of men who act the laws of the country at defiance and meditate and commit violence on the persons and property of others—was quickened by their wrath, and on Saturday night they changed the time of the exodus of the Casey family and demanded that they should give up their home, put on their sandals and march forthwith. Casey refused to obey. At ten o'clock they approached the dwelling of the latter, and commenced an assault with stones and clubs. Casey took a position at the door, armed with an axe, and his wife guarded the window, club in hand. Soon the window was smashed in and a breach made through the door by the missiles of the assailants. An entry was then attempted by one of the mob, but the moment his head protruded through the door, Casey tapped him with the back of the axe, and he fell senseless to the ground. Instantly another mob-head was poked in and met a similar blizzard. These repeated and effectual rebuffs brought the mob to a parley. Terms of accommodation were proposed, which resulted in giving Casey and his wife five minutes start, to make their escape. They refused the overtures of mercy, thus graciously offered! The watch was held up. At a single bound, Casey and his wife leaped out of the house, followed by a shower of stones. Fear gave suppleness to their limbs, and away they went up the road like deer pursued by a pack of wolves. As soon as the time was out, the mob started in pursuit, vengeful and eager for the prey. But, fortunately, they were led on a false trail.—Instead of continuing on the Hopkinsville road, as it was supposed they would, the blacks left the road, waded the Miami, and found a safe refuge in the cornfields. The fight lasted some three hours, during which Casey and wife defended themselves with a bravery and nerve worthy the highest commendation. Their only sin, so far as we can learn, was that God had given them a black skin! They were Africans! What an offence to justify a riot and expulsion from the town! We are told that every article of furniture in the house was destroyed, and sixteen dollars in money stolen! The matter will, of course, undergo a legal investigation, and we therefore forbear any further comments.

The 'Do-Nothing' Abolitionists.

Hon. JOHN G. PALFREY, member of the last Congress from the Middlesex District, Mass., was invited to attend the Celebration at Worcester on the 3d inst. In a letter explaining his reasons for non-attendance, after expressing his dissent from the doctrine of Disunion, he says:

No difference of opinion from your friends on any question, however important, will, I hope ever blind me to the noble courage, constancy and disinterestedness with which, after the manner that seemed to them wisest, they have struggled against the giant sin of the present day, or make me forget the great value of their services in awakening the public mind to the enormity of the evil. Few of your Society, I suppose, are opulent; but I have been recently told, on good authority, that there are those who expend for its support, year by year, as much as for the support of themselves and their families. I know of nothing in the history of philanthropic action to parallel a pecuniary liberality like this, while the sacrifices which have been made in other ways have been such as perhaps to manifest even more the sincerity and force of the sentiment that has prompted them. No right mind, however it may be dissatisfied with your methods of action, can fail to admire its vigor, fearlessness, and generosity. In these qualities, you have shown 'as lights to the world.'

This is the tribute of a high-minded, honorable man, who, though a politician, is not blind to the importance of moral agitation as a means of abolishing Slavery. The testimony of such a man affords an honorable contrast to the sneers at Disunionists as 'do-nothing' Abolitionists, so often put forth by the wittlings of party. Fidelity to principle under adverse circumstances must always command the respect and admiration even of those who occupy a lower plane of action in the field of Reform. Friends of humanity! let us never be tempted to swerve for one moment from the path of strictest Rectitude. Let the faithless devotees of party cry, 'There's a lion in the way—you can never succeed;' do we not know that Truth is mighty—that what ought to be done can be done?

Example of Hungary.

The Magyars of Hungary, whose struggle with the combined powers of Austria and Russia the world is now watching with breathless interest, and for whose success the most devoted friends of peace hourly pray, before taking up arms in their own defence, decreed the emancipation and future equality of all the subject races throughout their country. They did not dare to strike a blow at their oppressors till they had solemnly promised to unbind the chains of their own vassals. They have thus given to the world the highest evidence of their sincerity, and hence, notwithstanding our strong disapprobation of war, we cannot help feeling for them the liveliest sympathy. It will be seen from the latest intelligence that they are carrying every thing before them, and we are not without hope that they will establish, in the midst of the darkness and despotism which surround them, a Republic on whose altar may be kindled the flame of a purer liberty than has ever yet been embodied in any governmental organization.

Alas! that we should be compelled to hang our heads in shame at the contrast between our own country and semi-barbarous Hungary. Seventy-three years have elapsed since the bloody Revolution which separated us from the mother country, and yet, so far from decreasing the emancipation of our slaves, their number has increased from 400,000 to 3,000,000, and the combined influence of Church and State has been devoted to the maintenance of the system which is crushing them to the earth. Our very Constitution is a Bulwark of Slavery—the charter to which menstealers point with exultation as authority for their deeds of villany!

How humbling the thought, that the Old world before us
To the temple of Freedom is leading the way;
While the clouds of oppression still gathering on our
Obscure the full brightness of Liberty's day.

\$200 REWARD.—RAN AWAY from the subscriber on the 23d of June last, a bright mulatto woman named JULIA, about 25 years of age. She is of common size, nearly white, and very likely. She is a good seamstress and can read a little. She may attempt to pass for white, dresses fine. She took with her, ANNA, her child, eight or nine years old, and considerable darker than her mother. Her husband is black, and known as Charles Hough the fiddler, and belongs to the Messrs. Sloans, of this place. Julia and child are probably lurking about town or vicinity, or she may attempt to get to a free State. She once belonged to a Mr. Helm of Columbus, Tennessee. I will give a reward of \$50 for said Negro and child, if delivered to me or confined in any jail in this State, so I can get them. \$100 if caught in any other Slave State and confined in a jail so that I get them, and \$200 if caught in any free State and put in any good jail in Kentucky or Tennessee, so I can get them. A. W. JOHNSON.

Nashville, July 9, 1849.—Nashville Banner.

The signer of the above is a cousin of ours, whom we have not seen since 1840. He is a leading member of the Methodist Church, and his house is often the home of his Bishops and ministers. He was a member of the Committee appointed by the citizens of Nashville to drag Amos Dresser in 1835.—We hope that Julia, the 'very likely,' bright mulatto woman, with her daughter Anna, were never recovered by their master, but with Charles Hough, the fiddler, are now in the full enjoyment of their liberty.

The Fair.

It is expected, we believe, that the articles made for the Fair of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or at least such of them as are not previously disposed of, will be offered for sale at the Young Men's and Women's Convention at Berlin. We trust the market will be good and the supply abundant.

To Correspondents.

W. M. Next week.
J. W. N. Do.
J. E. Under consideration.
Several letters responding to the proposition for the Young People's Convention were received too late for this number; and now that the question is settled, and the Call issued, their publication will hardly be necessary.

News of the Week.

Latest from Europe.

HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA.—The Hungarians continue successful. Again they have defeated and outmaneuvered the enemy—placed the Austrians in peril and cut off the Russians from their base of operations. The three great generals are now in communication with each other, and ready to act together if necessary. Their respective positions are rendered secure by the nature of the country, while there is nothing to prevent their emerging from their fastnesses when occasion presents itself. The whole population serve them with heart and hand, bring them food, horses, and intelligence of the enemy's movements.

A letter from the seat of war says: "The attack of the Hungarians upon Paskiewich's division was tremendous, and the Russians were borne down and compelled to yield before the terrible onslaught of the Magyars, who fought with unexampled courage and daring."

The Cabinet of Vienna are obviously in a state of alarm. A peremptory order has been issued prohibiting the purchase of foreign stock, shares, &c. the object being, it is supposed, to prevent money being sent out of the country.

TURKEY.—Advices from Constantinople state that an army of 80,000 men is ordered to assemble on the Hungarian frontier to protect the Turkish territory and to disarm any who may be driven across the frontier.

RUSSIA.—A Republican Conspiracy has been discovered in Russia—numerous arrests have been made, and the whole affair was divulged by a Secretary of Count Orloff—280 persons had been arrested. Officers have been sent to Moscow and to other cities to arrest the members of the conspiracy, which was intended to overthrow the reigning dynasty and establish a Republic.

Although the French have restored the Government of the Pope in Rome, they have not persuaded the Pontiff to return to the Vatican. Gen. Oudinot has been himself at Gaeta, in the hope of modifying the intentions of his Holiness, but with what effect has not been announced. The fact is, the Pope insists on the unconditional restoration of his temporal powers, and this the French government is unwilling to allow, because it fears to excite the indignation of the French people.

A spirit-stirring proclamation has been addressed to the Romans by Mazzini, in which he recommends them to endure, with constancy and firmness, the calamity of foreign intervention which smites them at present, and not to give way to discouragement. He calls upon the municipalities to repeat, with firmness, that they adhere voluntarily to the Republican form and to the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope, and that they consider every Government illegal which has not been freely approved by the people, and he reminds them that it is impossible to imprison a whole nation.

The Milan Gazette of the 22d, states that a rumor is current at the Neapolitan frontier, that Garibaldi had embarked for America, under favor of a disguise.

FRANCE.—Louis Napoleon is suspected of a design to found a monarchy, but the monarchists themselves are so much divided that no scheme of the sort is likely to succeed at present. It has been positively stated in the lobbies of the Assembly, that the ex-King Louis Philippe had the intention, for the most pious object, to demand of the French Government to make a pilgrimage to Dreux, where the bodies of the Duke of Orleans and other members of the ex-royal family are deposited. The ex-King would only remain two days, and would return again to England. He would assume the title of Count de Pontreux, and would only be accompanied by a valet-de-chambre.

Fourteen hundred tailors are now in London totally unemployed, hundreds daily applying for relief to the houses of call; the funds are, however, exhausted. Nine hundred shoemakers out of work have their names on the books, and 1,700 are working for half wages. The carriers and leather dressers are in the same situation. There were never known so many working jewelers out of employ, and meetings of the trades are now holding to petition Parliament for protection against the competition of foreign labor.

Domestic Items.

The Cholera has broken out at the Salt St. Marie, causing great consternation. Visitors left and the Indians fled to the woods.

One-half of the business portion of the village of Plattsburgh, N. Y., was recently destroyed by fire. Loss \$300,000.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—The fine steamer Empire State was lost on Lake Huron a few days ago. She sprang a leak in a storm, and became unmanageable before she could be brought to land. The passengers were all taken off in safety.

OREGON.—Hon. S. R. Thurston, formerly of Maine, has been chosen Delegate to Congress by a majority of 70 votes.

MINNESOTA.—Henry H. Sibley is elected Delegate to Congress.

THE CURA EXPEDITION.—The Philadelphia North American makes the following statement in relation to this affair:

Intelligence has reached us from a reliable source that a force numbering between 500 and 800 men, has recently been assembled at Round Island, opposite Pargoula, under the command of a Colonel White, who figured not long ago at Yucatan.

It is also stated that the sum of \$250,000 has been deposited in Mobile, to promote the objects of this nefarious movement, the particular direction of which is not yet distinctly ascertained; though from facts lately come to light through authentic channels, its destination is supposed to be Cuba, where a landing is contemplated at the south side of the island. It is understood that rendezvous with a view of enlisting men, have been opened at Baltimore, New-York and Boston, as well as at Mobile and New-Orleans. We have not been able to discover that any attempt has been made in Philadelphia to collect a force or to supply arms and ammunition.

SLAVE EMBEZZLE.—A serious affray occurred near Helena, Arkansas, on the 14th ult., between an overseer and negro man. Mr. Murphy, the overseer, was chastising the slave's wife, when the slave interfered, dealing the overseer a blow with an axe. A desperate struggle ensued, but Murphy escaped to a neighboring plantation—the negro remaining. When the Sheriff, accompanied by two others, attempted to arrest the slave, he strongly resisted, exchanging pistol shots with the posse. He escaped to the woods, mortally wounded, it is supposed.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.—By the returns which have come in of the recent Congressional elections in Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, it appears to be settled beyond controversy that the present administration will not have a working majority in the next Congress. In Kentucky the Democrats have gained one Member of Congress.

In Indiana they have gained two, and the Free Soilers have elected Geo. W. Julian in the district represented in the last Congress by Caleb B. Smith.

In Tennessee, Andrew Ewing (Dem.) has been elected in the 8th district over William Cullom, (Taylor) which is a gain for the Democrats.

In N. Carolina, the relative strength of parties is unchanged. The gain of these five votes by the Democratic and Free Soil parties will make a change of ten votes against the administration in the lower House of Congress, and the parties will then be so nearly divided as to give the Free Soilers the balance of power.

ELLWOOD FISHER IN CLOVER.—The Union of Sunday says: "A sumptuous and crowded supper came off on Monday night, at the Warren Springs, (Va.) in honor of Ellwood Fisher, Esq., the author of the celebrated letters on the South. It was given by the members of the Legislature (now in session at that place) and the visitors at the Springs, and the citizens of the vicinity.—Col. Hopkins, Speaker of the House of Delegates, presided. Mr. Hopkins, called out Mr. Fisher with a toast and a few remarks, who responded in a very impressive manner. He was followed, in like manner, by Gen. Foote, the Senator from Mississippi, by ex-Gov. Wm. Smith, by Mr. Conway Robinson, of Richmond, and by other gentlemen."

WANTED TO VOTE.—A negro, or mulatto, presented himself before the Judges of the Seventh Ward precinct, on Wednesday afternoon, and offered his vote. He soon found out that Joe Leamy, one of the city watch, was on hand, and that he believed slaves were not quite entitled to that privilege yet. He knocked the fellow over for his impudence. Verdict of the crowd—served right.—Low Democrat.

OVERSEER IN CINCINNATI.—The Globe says:—On Friday last, the Colored American Association (a benevolent society, formed only of the upright members of our colored population, with the design of elevating and improving the condition of their race) was following to the grave, in orderly procession, one of their fraternity, who had fallen a victim to the Cholera. They passed through many of our streets, we are thankful in stating, without molestation or interruption. As they passed the corner of Sixth and Sycamore, however, on their way to the grave, they were assailed by a parcel of rowdies and ruffians, stationed in the third story of the engine house at that location—called, we believe, the Rough and Ready Hall.—Several large stones were hurled at the procession, some of which took effect, without producing any serious injuries. One very narrowly escaping the head of a person walking in the procession, burst upon the sun-belt of his neighbor, behind him, making a hole as large as a man's head. Another struck a very worthy and respectable man full in the back.

SANCTITY OF THE SEALED LETTER.—Referring to the recent developments in South Carolina in the case of Mr. Barrett and to the demand of the Post office agents to violate their oaths of office, the Washington Republic says:—Clearly enough, the power does not exist in any magistrate, State or Federal, to violate

the sanctity of a sealed letter, under any pretence whatever. The idea, therefore, that the opposition papers are sedulously circulating at the South—that the Postmaster General or any other officer of the Government, has or can have any control over anything that goes into the mails or comes out of them, or that he is in anywise responsible for the contents of the mails—is only one of those absurdities which are sometimes seized upon by stultified politicians for base party purposes.

FLORIDA WAR RENEWED.—The shattered remnant of the Seminoles left in Florida are again visiting vengeance on the border whites for their old wrongs, and the prospect now is that we are to have another Florida war.—Several incursions have already been made upon white settlements by the Indians, and it is supposed that a thoroughly concerted plan has been formed for a general rising upon the whites. The greatest alarm prevails, and measures are taken to raise troops for defence and to pursue their assailants. Whether this results from recent outrages and frauds on the part of the whites, as is very probable, or is the bursting out of long smothered vengeance for former injuries, we do not learn. So, we have not seen the end of the woes which the Government negro-hand in Florida brings upon our land. Who can count the ultimate evils of any one deed of wrong! —Pa. Freeman.

DEATH OF ALBERT GALLATIN.—In his 89th year, at the residence of his son-in-law, in Astoria, died, last Sunday morning, one of the most remarkable men who have taken a part in the public affairs of the Union since the Revolution.

Albert Gallatin was born at Geneva in Switzerland, on the 29th of January, 1761. He arrived in America July 14, 1780; was French Professor in old Harvard during the last year of the Revolutionary War; sat in the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1790; was elected to the United States Senate in 1793; married the daughter of Gen. Nicholson in 1794; took his seat in Congress Dec. 1795; led the opposition to the Federalists at the close of the last century; acted as Secretary of the Treasury during the two terms of Thomas Jefferson—strongly advocated the Protective policy—accompanied Messrs. Adams and Clay to Europe, and assisted in concluding the Treaty of Ghent; was Ambassador to France, 1816 to 1823; twice minister to England, and once to the Netherlands; and held in high estimation abroad. Since his return to America in 1827 he has held no public office.—N. Y. Tribune.

Hon. J. H. Ewing, late Senator from Hamilton Co., died in Columbus on the 13th inst.

Receipts.

Wm. Stokesbury, East Fairfield,	\$1.00-259
Isaac Low,	1.50-267
Austin McConnell,	1.00-256
Ann Cope, Columbiana,	1.00-259
Thos. Bishop,	2.50-282
W. Meredith, jr., Meredith's Mill,	1.00-250
E. K. Smith, Salem,	0.24-284
Ann Pierson,	1.00-259
Lorenzo Carter,	1.00
Ezra Horton, Lima,	2.00-258
C. D. Elson, Blinnfield,	1.00-245
S. M. Bassett, Randolph,	1.00-211
C. Harmon,	1.35-250
R. L. Archerson, Morgadore,	1.00-172
Gilbert Kelly, Mahoning,	1.00-256
D. B. Millard,	1.00-260
R. H. Allen, Knoxville, Ill.,	1.00-259
J. M. Morris, Newberry,	1.00-255
S. H. Case, Randolph,	1.00-268
L. Spees,	1.50-204
C. Stanford,	1.00-256
Wesley Stanford,	1.00-259
J. H. Ward,	1.00-279
Geo. Goshart, Marlboro',	1.00-256
Ed. Briggs, Waterford,	1.00-237
Wm. W. Polard, Columbus,	1.25-201
Rach. Lukens, Short Creek,	1.00-251
Adas Foss, Harryville,	1.00-388
Mary Whiting, Canton,	1.00-256
David Davis, Edinburg,	1.00-272
James Stott, Randolph,	1.00-257
Sam'l Austin,	1.00-257
Myrta A. Bailey, Salem,	1.00-260
John Holmes Leeburg,	1.00-243
Eliza Lukens, Marlboro',	1.00-260
Abner Taylor, New Baltimore,	1.00-258
Wm. Thompson Marlboro',	1.00-258
Nelson Gaskill, Atwater,	1.00-258
S. Ward, Randolph,	1.00-258
Levi K. Taylor,	1.00-258
Peter Quier, Lima,	1.00-256
H. M. Case, Rootstown,	1.00-268
Joseph Heigton, Edinburg,	1.00-288
John Webber, Deerfield,	8-405
Pierce Garrettson, Mt. Union,	1.00-270
Chas. Brown, jr., Westville,	1.00-259
S. Card, Benton,	30-208
Jas. D. Hensack, Ledleys,	1.00-258
Joel V. Nash, Frey,	1.00-259
John Poston, Petersburg,	1.00-260
Wm. Norton, Georgetown,	1.00-234
Marilda Bachelor, Pineville,	1.00-255
John Jeffrey, Savannah,	1.00-179
R. Lewis, Malaga,	1.00-259
John Slater, Noblestown,	2.00-214
Alfred White, Orange,	1.00-251
E. W. Newton, Le Roy,	1.00-460
M. Mothland, Fort Wayne,	50-235
Orre Brown, Canfield,	1.00-260
Michael T. Johnson, Short Creek,	1.00-260
Isaac Miller, Mahoning,	1.00-260
Alonzo Hosmer, Parkman,	1.00-237
O. A. Baldwin,	1.00-258
Thos. Williams, Morgenville,	1.00-256
Wm. Cope, Malta,	1.00-266
A. Metcalf,	1.00-276
Geo. Buckney, Jamestown,	1.00-171
Eben Headley, Benton,	2.25-249
John Cox, Harrisville,	50-230
H. Hambleton,	50-232
Julius Woodruff, Poland,	1.00-211
Eliza Norris, La Moille,	1.00-243
Moses Teagarden,	1.00-275

Please take notice, that in the acknowledgment of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscriber's name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

No subscriber need expect that a reduction from the price of \$150 will be made, unless the money is forwarded at the time specified in the published terms.

SAWING AND TURNING.

THE subscribers are prepared to do all kinds of Sawing and Turning, for Cabinet, Coach and Wagon Makers, at their shops, nearly opposite the Salem Hotel.

JAS. & GEO. HINSHILLWOOD.
Salem, Aug. 25, 1849—m2.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

Poetry.

From the People's Journal.
The Seven Angels of the Lyre.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.
Knowest thou not the wondrous lyre?
Its strings extend from earth to heaven,
And evermore the angels seven,
With glowing fingers dip it in fire,
Draw from the chords celestial tones,
That peal in harmonies through all the starry zones.
An angel with a pensive face
Sits at the key-note evermore;
Not sad, as if a pang the bore,
But radiant with supernatural grace:
Her name is Sorrow; when she sings,
The wondrous Lyre responds in all its golden strings.
The second breathes in harmonies,
A rainbow in her diadem;
And on her breast she wears a gem
That trickles from Contrition's eyes:
Her name is Sympathy; her tears,
Falling upon the Lyre, make music in the spheres.
The third is beautiful as she,
Unfading flowers her brow adorn;
And from her smile a ray is born,
That looks into Eternity:
Her name is Hope; to hear her voice,
Belied Orion sings, and all the stars rejoice.
The fourth, with eyes of earnest ken,
Sweeps the boundless universe;
While her extant lips rehearse
The promises of God to men:
Her name is Faith; her mighty cord
Reverberates through space the glories of the Lord.
The fifth is robed in spotless white,
And from the beating of her heart,
Such heavenly consecrations start
As clothe the universe with light:
Her name is Love; when she prelude,
The constellations thrill in all their multitudinous.
The sixth inhales perpetual morn:
Far through the bright infinitude
She sees beyond the present good,
The better destined to be born:
Her name is Assurance; ever
She sings the might of Will, the beauty of Endeavor.
Crown and completion of the seven,
Rapt Adoration sits alone;
She wakes the Lyre's divinest tone:
It touches earth—it dwells in heaven:
All life and nature join her hymn;
Man and the rolling worlds, and choirs of cherubim.
Know'st thou that Lyre? If through thy soul
Th' immortal music never ran,
Thou art but outwardly a man;
Thou art not pure—thou art not whole—
A faculty within thee sleeps,
Death-like, unexplored, in dim, unfathomed deeps.
Oh suffering spirit, hear and soar!
The angels wait their golden wings,
And strike the seven celestial strings,
To give thee joy for evermore.
Ascend exulting from the soil,
And join, thou happy soul, the harmonies of God!

From the Minnesota Register.
Minnesota.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGURNEY.
We're a child out of doors, where the waters run
Clear,
And the Falls of St. Anthony ring on the ear—
And there, where the breezes are bracing and free,
She's a beautiful and happy as baby can be;
—Merris, in her own way, "you know."
It is a treasure to all who are pilgrims below,
And we with the wise Dr. Brigham have thought
The "conjugate rays" was first to be sought.
So she runs at her will, in the fresh open air,
And takes simple food, and is vigorous and fair.
No toys at Constant or Bonfanti's she buys,
Nor at Stewart's for candies and sugar plums cries,
But plays on the greenward her gambols so rude
With a huge rubber doll that the woodpecker hued
Heard—
Tosses away to the bluffs, on her own sturdy feet,
Or sings with her birdlings in harmony sweet—
Marks the Father of Rivers, majestic and deep,
Or sinks in the shade of her forests to sleep.
We've been very much prospered in basket and store,
And have brought up with care thirty children or more;
And our neighbors across the Great Water they say
Regard them with envy, as surely they may;
Still we hope in her case, some improvement to make,
Since the wisest of parents may sometimes mistake.
Her sisters are doubtless a wonderful band,
The joy of our heart and the pride of the land—
Yet a few of the eldest, from whimsies of rule,
Were sent, we're afraid, rather early to school;
And, perchance, though the teachers had excellent
Senses,
They developed the brain at the child's expense—
Then some from the heat of their climate are free,
And others with fever and ague are pale—
And others, alas! have gone mad, we are told,
From the bite of a dog, with a collar of gold.
Now, dear Minnesota, we wish you to shun
The faults into which your progenitors run,
Nor rush after wealth with a precious speed,
Since the strength of Republics lies deeper indeed—
In the mind of the heart and the ore of the soil,
In virtue, and peace, and the patience of toil.
So, be pleasant and honest, and keep as you grow
The pure rural tastes in your bosom of snow;
We shall hear from you, child, ever mountain and vale.
Your nurses will write us how well you behave;
Let no bad reports our felicity mock—
Pere's a kiss for you, darling, the pet of our flock!
—A sound mind is a sound body—
We understand that the Lumber Trade has
Commenced in Minnesota, and that the emigrants
from Maine are engaged in that enterprise with their
accustomed energy and hardihood.

Practicality.

Alas! the years have failed to teach
The obvious lesson to mankind;
A myriad of failures to preach
Conviction to the deaf and blind.
Still do we rush to fortune, War,
Still to the slave hand the knee,
And still, more Christian as we are,
Yonder slave name, Palmyra.

Miscellaneous.

From the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor.
The Pantaloon Argument.

Much has been said about "petticoat government," but the poet-prophet has yet to be born who can sing the glories of pantaloons superiority. "Twere a pity Homer had not dedicated his muse to it! That Shakespeare and Byron should have passed the wondrous theme, is astonishing; but our living poets should arouse themselves and strike the lyre! What are the shades of Parnassus, or the waters of Helicon, to the wisdom-inspiring, authority-conferring pantaloons? "Skin for skin," says Satan, "all that a man hath will he give for his life;" but Satan forgot to "except his pantaloons." What gives him his authority over the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air, and his mother to boot? Why, verily, his pantaloons. Might not much repetition have been spared in the last part of the first chapter of Genesis, by simply saying, "And He gave them a pair of pantaloons?" What was the use of enumerating particulars, when a word would have covered all? Then, again, the commission of authority might better have been renewed to Noah by the gift of a pair of pantaloons! The ancients made a sad mistake in fancying Apollo and Mercury subduing and civilizing the World with a Lyre and branch of Hazel. When they proposed to visit the earth for their benign purpose, the thieving god must have given to the son of Latona a pair of pantaloons, which he had stolen somewhere and concealed under his cloak; and the divine Apollo, anxious to display his symmetry, added straps, and came upon the world in the double divinity of his godhead and his pantaloons; and no wonder he produced a sensation. What a pair of simpletons Juno and Minerva were to let Venus carry off the apple for the gift of the fairest woman in the world! They might have known "a kingdom" or "intellectual superiority and martial renown," would not fight against a pretty wife. Why did not Minerva, to reconsider and offer him a pair of pantaloons? Then books and beauty would have been forever united! Do wish we had been there with three yards of corduroy, a pair of scissors and a needle! We would have had the apple in spite of Venus present, and Helen in the perspective! We would give something for an authentic description of Agamemnon's sceptre, made by old Vulcan! We believe firmly it was a pair of iron breeches, made as an indication of the future reign of pantaloons—of that exclusive authority, regal power, wisdom and superiority of which the pantaloons is now the sole emblem!

Heigho! If we haven't grown classical! A miracle, a miracle! But it is plainly ascribable to the inspiration of our subject, and "why for no?" Are not these same pantaloons the title by which one class claim an exclusive right to the classics? Are they not the mysterious badge which marks the superiority of a drunken dolt to a Felicia Hemans, or Maria Child? And why should not their name raise us to a fancied companionship with the gods? Any one who will open his eyes cannot help seeing our estimate of the importance of pantaloons is moderate. Do they not claim to be the badge of all power—physical and mental. Let a woman display physical courage, and she is straightway voted a pair of pantaloons. Let her display any strength of intellect—any originality and power of thought, and pantaloons, pantaloons is the cry. Let her even aspire to learn, and she is to be decorated with pantaloons, as a king bestows stars and garters! It is now about three years since we first began to write about such political, moral or religious questions as we thought concerned the common welfare of our race. In that time we have met opposition from all classes, kinds and conditions of men and women—from the cowardly anonymous scribbler, who dare not sign his name to his paltry letter, up to reverend divines and George D. Prentiss; but the burden of every argument was "pantaloons." Lately, Purdy, of the Boston Mail, has written us to "another dish of logic on pantaloons." This is the watch-word on all occasions. It is the soldier, the munitions of war, the fortifications, the every thing that guards masculine prerogatives. A woman dare not think lest she be threatened with having to wear pantaloons; and it is not much wonder the bare idea should keep her in subjection! But we should like to see some of the lords cudgel their brains for a new idea, a new argument, to convince women of her duties and her superiority! Maybe if they would lay their heads together they could conjure up something else to say besides "pantaloons."

A SAVING CLAUSE—An Irish laborer, sick of the thralldom of strong drink, introduced himself lately to the magistrates of Southwark, and proposed to "go hale" before them to keep the following pledge (which he produced in writing):—"Take notice that Pather Hogan of Castragin, in the county of Kerry, by talks his Oth never to shrink a glass of Seppert good bad or indifferent, only to keep down the vegetables."

Not Bad—Mr. Greeley, being asked by a correspondent at what season of the year a gold hunter should start hence for California, replied gravely, "We consider the first of April as good a season as any!"

Singular Courtship.

We copy the following strange relation from Hendly's Adirondack or Life in the Woods:
"The other day I took a heavy boot to a shoe maker, or mender, to be repaired before I set forth on a new expedition, of whom I was told a capital anecdote. An English emigrant had settled down in a remote part of the forest where he cleared a little space about him and built a log hut. He had been there but a year or two, when one day as he was absent in the woods with his eldest daughter, his hut took fire and burned down. His wife was sick, but she managed to crawl out, taking the straw bed on which she lay with her. At evening the husband returned to find his house in ruins. It was a winter night, and the snow lay deep on the ground. Calling aloud, he heard a faint voice reply, and going in the direction from which it came, found his wife stretched on the bed in the snow. Getting together a few boards left from the configuration he made a shelter over her. That night she was safely delivered of a child, which survived and is now living. But under the exposure and excitement together, the husband took a violent cold, which having fastened on his lungs, and being resisted by no medical treatment whatever, terminated in the consumption. He however, reared another hut and during the summer a young sealer came in and purchased a tract near by him. His being the only family within a long distance, this back woodsman often passed the evening in their society. It was not long before he discovered that his neighbor could not long survive, for the most ignorant in this region knew all the symptoms of pulmonary disease which carries off three fourths of those who die. Accompanying this conclusion came naturally the reflection, what would become of the wife and as she was good looking and industrious he thought he could not do better than marry her himself. Acting under this consideration, he mentioned the matter to her, remarking that her husband could not live long, and asking if she would marry him after he was dead?
She replied that she had no objections at all if "her husband was willing!" He said he had no doubt on that point, and he would speak to him about it. He did so, and the husband unhesitatingly gave his consent, adding that he was glad she would be so well provided for after his death. So when winter approached, the young sealer would come and "court" the prospective widow, while the dying husband lay and coughed on the bed in the corner.
Now there was not much sentiment in this, I grant, but there was a vast deal of philosophy. It was rather cool on her part to be sure, but vastly sensible on his. What could his wife and children do all alone there in the woods, without a protector? The toughest part of the proceeding, and that which no doubt tested the backwoodsman's philosophy the severest was the courtship—
To his gasping for breath in one part of the room, and see the young, athletic and healthy backwoodsman and his wife sitting together by the fire, and know that after a few more painful weeks, he would occupy that place permanently, and yet bear it all patiently, required a good deal of stamina. Especially must the reflection that they were both probably very anxious to have him take his departure have been rather a bitter pill to swallow. I go into all these little particulars, you know, to show the character of my hero to the best advantage—the heroine speaks for herself. These two interesting personages were my shoemaker and his wife.

Good and Better.

We see it stated as a matter for wonder, that Kentucky which at the time of the Revolution was little but a wilderness, now contains about a million of people, and nearly fifty newspapers—Well, that is a good growth, but Ohio beats it in both respects out of sight. It is a younger State, has a greater population and more newspapers. The former is a slave State, the latter is not.

Now look at Wisconsin. The Black Hawk war in 1838 brought the Territory into notice—in 1830, there having been only 3,200 inhabitants—including soldiers—and before that, it was as much of a wilderness as Kentucky was at the close of the Revolution. Now it has a population of some 300,000, and probably within half a dozen as many newspapers as Kentucky. We can count up 34, and we know there must be more at the West. This is the growth of less than 17 years, while Kentucky has been sixty-six years in getting to three times our amount. Now, too, we are beginning to grow, and every month adds another to the number of papers published in our State. But this account includes the time when we grew comparatively little. Since 1838 we have increased from 18,000 to 300,000, and will probably over 400,000 by the next decennial census, in 1850. If this had been a slave State does any one think its growth would have been so rapid?—*Racine Advocate.*

PROGRESS.—A Wisconsin orator, who was lately delighting his audience with illustrations of our country's progress, used the following emphatic remark: "Feller citizens—the tail of civilization is now exactly where the front ears was no more'n sixty years ago." The remark was received with boisterous cheers.

Going Round the Horn.

From a letter in the Boston Times, we extract the following description of the pleasures of a voyage to California.—We commend it to those who have "got the fever bad":
"During our voyage, many amusing incidents occurred, none of which provoked more mirth than the discharging of the duties of captains of the messes around Cape Horn. You have probably been informed that we have 15 messes, containing 10 persons each. A captain of the mess serves one week at a time, and his duty is to go to the cook's galley, on the main deck, with his wooden kids and with his pots for various dishes, including buns, puddings, sauce, tea, coffee, &c., and bring them down the companion-way, between decks, and serve them up to the messes. I had the honor of officiating as captain of Mess 4, round the Horn, and can speak experimentally on the subject. Severe blows were the order of the day, and they seemed to rage with even more fierceness just at the time of our pilgrimage after the grub. The decks would be wet and slippery, from the breaking over of the sea, and it was not unfrequent that they acquired additional slipperiness, if I may use the expression, from deposits of sweat carelessly dropped by Doctor Juba, the presiding divinity of the galley, or some of the sailors. Added to this was the fact that the vessel would lie over nearly on her side, causing the surface of the deck to be perpendicular. An unlucky wight would start from the galley with his pork and beans, for instance, the latter article in a liquid form; he would achieve nearly the whole extent of the main deck, and involuntarily congratulate himself upon being able to serve up a savory dish for his mess-mates, when, presto! the ship would give a sudden lurch—the heels of the valorous and daring adventurer would fly up, and himself and his reeking mess would be precipitated into the lee scuppers. The bearer would be sadly bedraggled, and the contents of the kid would become kindred elements with any quantity of sweat and salt water. Another, passing down the companion-way, would miss his hold, and clutching at mid-air, drop a pot of hot coffee, a dish of warm apple sauce or molasses on the heads of his anxiously waiting mess-mates below. Again, as the messes would be gathered around their boards with their dishes and pots fully charged, the ship would suddenly career and the contents descend in one undistinguished mass to leeward. These are every day occurrences in rough weather, and such accidents are sure to be followed by shouts of laughter. If an unlucky fellow slips on deck, and falls into the scuppers, the same merriment is provoked, even though he may not get off without a sprained ankle—and I really believe that if a person should fall and break his neck, the mishap would be greeted with a roar of laughter."

A NATION'S BEST DEFENCE.—If you have a nation of men who have risen to that height of moral cultivation that they will not declare war or carry arms, they have not so much madness left in their brains, you have a nation of lovers, of benefactors, of true, great, and able men. Let me know more of that nation; I shall not find them defenceless with idle hands swinging at their sides. I shall find them men of love, honor, and truth; men of an immense industry; men whose influence is felt to the end of the earth; men whose very look and voice carry the sentence of honor and shame; and all forces yield to their energy and persuasion. Whenever we see the doctrine of peace embraced by a nation, we may be assured it will not be one that invites an injury; but one, on the contrary, which has a friend in the bottom of the heart of every man, even of the violent and the base; one against which no weapon can prosper, one which is looked upon as the asylum of the human race, and has the tears and blessings of mankind.—*Emerson.*

PAYING CASH FOR A SERMON.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune relates the following anecdote which occurred at Saratoga Springs, in a church:
Rev. Mr. Lock had just finished his first head, when a man near the door rose and walked down the aisle directly in front of the pulpit, then deliberately and politely handed up in front a bank note to the Rev. speaker, who quietly received it, and went on with his discourse.—Who? What? Why? asked excited curiosity in the minds of the puzzled audience. Quite a number, and among them ladies not a few, lingered after the benediction, to obtain a solution of the mystery. It seemed that the man was the son of the late Judge —, a generous fellow, but accustomed to look too much "on the wine when red." He was heard to say to his friends near, "I like that man's preaching; it's worth the cash down; I don't believe he'll half get paid for it; so here goes a picture for him." Whereupon he rose, and with a "brick in his hat" and a bill in his hand, he made his way through the wondering congregation to the speaker, cashed over, and quietly returned to his seat.

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests who is often a little absent-minded observed gravely:
"I have remarked that there have been more women than men married during this year."

HINCHMAN & KEEN BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTERS, SALEM, OHIO.

All kinds of Plain and Fancy Job work done at the Office of the "Homestead Journal," on the shortest notice and on the lowest terms.
Office one door North of E. W. Williams' Store, January 3rd, if.

JAMES BARNABY, PLAIN & FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

Cutting done to order, and all work warranted.
Corner of Main & Chestnut streets, Salem Ohio.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, (Eastern and Western,) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at TRESGOTT'S.

Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS. Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
No. 18, Main street, Cincinnati. January, 1848.

DAVID WOODRUFF,

MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c. A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the neatest style. All work warranted.
Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

SPELLING REFORM.

DEPOT OF PHONOGRAPHIC BOOKS:

THE following Phonetic works can be had at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, at Publishers' wholesale Prices. Teachers and Lecturers can therefore be supplied without the trouble and expense of sending East.
The Phonographic Class Book, 37 1/2 cts.
" Phonographic Reader, 25 "
" Phonotypic Reader, 17 1/2 "
" Phonotypic Chart, 50 "
First Lessons in Phonography, 02 "
Compendium, 06 "
Salem, March 2, 1849.—n38 of H. if.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to those desirous of entering upon a course of Medical studies or of receiving instruction in Anatomy and Physiology alone, that he is prepared to accept students upon liberal terms, and can offer some inducements, which the generality of private physicians do not possess. And as he is desirous of women approximating her true sphere of usefulness, perfect equality with man, and as the advanced state of education in this country now demands that she also shall reap the benefit of solid scientific acquirements, he would encourage females to devote a portion of their time and talents to the acquisition of knowledge in the above branches which as WOMAN so intimately concerns her own welfare and her station in life as a wife and mother. Any such who may think fit to place themselves under his instruction, particular care and attention shall be paid, so that they shall have no cause to regret having entered upon a study both elevating and useful in its tendencies, though sometimes irksome or tedious in its preliminary steps and at present too unusual for females in this country.
Also feels prepared to perform all operations pertaining to his profession as Surgeon, particularly the correction of deformities and removal of tumors.
K. G. THOMAS.
Marlborough, Stark Co., O., July 30, 1849.

PILLS! PILLS! PILLS!

Dr. Rush's, Coleman's, Lee's, Rose's, Jew David's, Still's, Gregory's Anti-Bilious; Blake's Sensitive; Stanhope's Cholagogue; Felix Lyon's Aperient; Moffatt's, Davis and Hamilton's, Sellers & McLeane's Liver; Clemen's, Scott's, Brandreth's, Wright's Indian's, Ball's Red Dutch Blood Purifying Pills, for sale at T. Trescott & Co's.

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.
New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Hartsville; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville; Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor, Lodi; Dr. Still.
Chester; Roads; Adam Sanders.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm. J. Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achor Town; A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine; Simon Sheets.
Granger; L. S. Speer.
INDIANA.
Winchester; Clarkson Puckett.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn; John L. Michner.
PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Published every Saturday, at 12 1/2 cents a Number, or Yearly, in advance, \$6.

BY E. LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the Edinburgh Quarterly, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and common life, by the sagacious Spectator, the sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenaeum, the busy and industrious Literary Gazette, the sensible and comprehensive Britannia, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are interwoven with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the United Service, and with the best articles of the Dublin University, New Monthly, Fraser's, Tait's, Ainsworth's, Hood's, and Sporting Magazines, and of Chambers's admirable Journal. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from Punch; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the humor of the Times. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood, and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that, much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.
While we aspire to make the LIVING AGE desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and physicians—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive to their wives and children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope, that by systematically the wheel from the shaft," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Letters in commendation of the plan and execution of the work from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, Dr. Bellune, and Messrs. Jared Sparks, W. H. Prescott, George Bancroft, and George Ticknor, have been published in former advertisements.
POSTAGE.—When sent with a cover it is ranked as a PAMPHLET, and cost 47 cents. Without the cover it comes within the definition of a newspaper, given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage.

MONTHLY PARTS.—For such as prefer it in that form the LIVING AGE is put up in Monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the Quaterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. The volumes are published quarterly.—Each of them is equal to THREE ordinary octavos.

Orders should be addressed directly to the publishers.
E. LITTELL & CO., Boston.
Dec. 20.

BENJAMIN BOWN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER, TEA-DEALER, FRUITERER, AND DEALER IN Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles.
No. 111, Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH.

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woolen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 6 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors, double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and 18 cut of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and one pound single white cotton for filling. For these two machines spin the woolen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.
Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven.
ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD.
Green street, Salem.
June 16th, 1848. 6m—148